

OF CALLIOPEs AND BANJOS

AND ping pong. and nut farms. old folk's homes.
fading cops in wheelchairs scribbling tickets
in senile delerium, slobbering,
"Don't try to pull anything, tell it
to the judge." a chorus of Sunshine Girls
singing, "Row row row your boat gently down the
stream," in the dayroom. an old gal with red
lipstick creeping up the crevices around her lips
whose children are scattered about the country.
flower vases full of chrysanthemums.
a life-long nitwit twanging on his banjo, and
downstairs, the balls
of ping pong
bounce
back and forth.

MY GIRLFRIEND

in the whole 2 1/2 years i've known Janet
i've never seen her drunk. i've never
seen her drink more than 2 or 3 drinks.
so i asked her, "Have you ever been drunk?"
not wanting to appear that she didn't know the score
she said, "Yes."
"No, I mean snot-slinging psychedelic drunk
hungover the next morning throwing up in the toilet?"
"Oh yes of course Mark." i don't believe her,
but i let it go at that — she's just not
the type — and i prefer her that way.
i can't imagine living with another drunk,
having 2 drunks set up housekeeping,
robbing the same piggy bank, eating twice
as many aspirin and living on a diet of
hot dogs and Campbell's Soup, besides,
we've only got one toilet.

BATTLE OF THE SCULLERY

the only person noiser
in the kitchen
than my mother-in-law-to-be
is her daughter
rehearsing World War 3
with pots & pans.

— Mark Weber

Albuquerque NM